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THE

First and second Part of

the troublesome Raigne of
JOHN King of England.

*With the discoverie of King Richard Cor-
delions Base sonne (vulgarly named, the Bastard
Fauconbridge:) Also the death of King
John at Swinhead Abbey.*

As they were (sundry times) lately acted.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



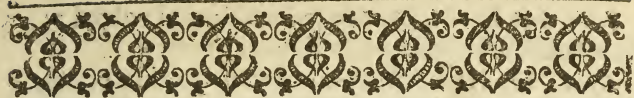
L O N D O N,

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May, 1873



The troublesome Raigne of *King I O H N.*

Enter K. Iohn, Queene Elinor his mother, William Marshall Earle of Pembroke, the Earles of Essex, and of Salisburie.

Queene Elinor.

B Arons of *England*, and my noble Lords;
Though God and Fortune hath bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* scourge of Infidels,
And clad this Land in stole of dismall hew :
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all.
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succede his brother in his Emperie.

K. Ioh. My gracious mother *Queene*, and Barons all;
Though farre vnworthy of so high a place,
As is the Throne of mighty *Englands* King ;
Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauy yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
My Lord of *Pembroke* and Lord *Salisbury*,
Admit the Lord *Chattillion* to our presence ;
That we may know what *Philip* King of *France*
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor, Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse
Whereto this weighty Embassade doth tend :
If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say, my Sonne, I haue not miss'd my aime.

Enter Chattillion and the two Earles.

The troublesome Raigne

John. My Lord *Chautilion*, welcome into England :
How fares our brother *Philip* King of France ?

Chat. His Highnesse at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your Maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

John. And spare not man, we are prepared to heare.

Chat. *Philip*, by the grace of God most Christian King
of France, hauing taken into his guardain & protection *Arthur* D. of Brittain sonne and heire to *Ieffery* thine elder
brother, requireth in the behalfe of the saide *Arthur*, the
Kingdome of England, with the Lordship of Ireland, *Poiters*,
Aniow, *Toraine*, *Maine*: and I attend thine answer.

John. A small request : belike he makes account,
That England, Ireland, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Are nothing for a King to giue at once :
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.

Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus.
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chat. Is this thine answer ?

John. It is, & too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chat. Then King of England, in my Masters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of Brittaines name,
I doe desie thee as an enemy,
And wish thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elianor. My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queene *Elinor* (his grandmother)
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-strong mother pricketh him so :
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her seife to rule a realme.
Next, wish him to forsake the King of France.
And come to me and to his Vncle here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chat.

of King Iohn.

Chat. Thus shall I doe, and thus I take my leaue.

Iohn. *Pembrooke*, conuey him safely to the sea,
But not in hast: for as we are aduise,
We meane to be in *France* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Aniow*, *Toraine*, and in *Normandie*.

Exit Chat.

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of Salis. in the eare.

Salis. Please it your Maiesty, here is the shriue of Northampton-shire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, & haue apeald to your Maiesty, beseeching your Highnesse for speciall cause to heare them.

Ioh. Will them come neere, & while we heare the cause,
Goe *Salisbury* and make prouision,
We meane with speed to passe the Sea to *France*.
Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shriue. Please it your Maiesty, these two brethren vn-
naturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing haue broken your Highnesse peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of Law, or order of Iustice, and vnlawfully assembled themselves in mutinous maner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your Highnes: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* shriue of Northamptonshire doe deliuer them ouer to their triall.

Iohn. My Lord of *Essex*, will th offenders to stand forth,
and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex. Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discour your grieffe, and doubt not but you shall haue Iustice.

Phil. Please it your M. the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor of my selfe, & the bad dealing of my brother in this Princely assembly.

Rob. Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall *Robert* speake,
And tell your Maiesty what right I haue
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vnknowne vnto your Grace)
Receiu'd his spurres of Knighthood in the field,

The troublesome Raigne

At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gaue him way :
His name Sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare :
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Phil. If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auncient Law,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge* ?

Ioh. Fond youth, to trouble these our Princely eares,
Or make a question in so plaine a case :
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne ?

Robert. Please it your Grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too : yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.

Ioh. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire :
Explaine his darke *Enigma*.

Rob. I grant (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And heere my mother stands to proue him so :
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gracious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him possesse anothers right.

Ioh. Prooue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elis. Vngracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,

of King Iohn.

All honest cares abhorre thy wickednesse,
But gold I see doth beate downe Natures law.

Moth. My gracious Lord, and you thrice reuerend
That see the teares distilling from mine eies, Dame,
And scalding-fighes blowne from a rent heart :
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing sound
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth masserate the bowels of my soule.

Ioh. Lady, stand vp, be patient for a while :
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother ?

Phil. Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now ;
But for the honour of so braue a man.
Whom he accuseth with adulterie :
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

Rob. Nor mad, nor maz'd, but well aduised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here
To be a bastard to King *Richards* selfe,
Sonne to your Grace, and brother to your Maiestie.
Thus bluntly, and

Elian. Young-man; thou needst not be ashamed of thy
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy prooffe. (kin;

Rob. The prooffe so plaine, the argument so strong,
As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,
And all saue those that haue no eyes to see)
Shall sweare him to be bastard to the King.
First, when my Father was Embassadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my Fathers house ;
And all the Realme suspected what befell :
And at my Fathers backe returne agen
My Mother was deliuered, as tis sed,
Sixe weekes before the account my Father made.
But more then this : looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,

And

The troublesome Raigne

And all this Princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King *Richards* sonne.
Then gracious Lords, rest he King *Richards* sonne,
And let me rest safe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.

Ioh. Is this thy prooffe, and all thou hast to say ?

Rob. I haue no more, nor neede I greater prooffe.

Ioh. First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his house :
And what of that ? base groomme to slander him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife ?
This will not hold, proceed vnto the next.

Q. Elin. Thou saist she teem'd six weeks before her time,
Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings ?
Spit in your hand, and to your other prooffes :
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.

Ioh. And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,
In action, feature, and proportion :
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert. Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.

Q. Elin. Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast :
Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem* ?
Or haue read in. Harke yee good Sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise,

Shee lay with Sir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
King *Richard* my sonne, and so your brother was formed
in this fashion.

Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
I craue my right : King *Iohn*, as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

Ioh. Why (foolish boy) thy prooffes are friuolous,

Nor

of King John.

Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime :
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irreuocable, as I am King of England.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall end this strife :
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

Robert. My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood
That she will loose?

Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe?
It may not be my Lord. Why should it be?

John. Lords, keep him back, & let him heare the doome.
Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire?

Essex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip*?

Mother. Please it your Maiesty, Sir *Rob: Fauconbridge*.

Rob. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

John. Aske *Philip* whose sonne he is.

Essex. *Philip*, who was thy Father?

Philip. Mas my Lord, and that's a question : and you
had not taken some paines with her before, I should haue
desired you to aske my Mother.

John. Say, who was thy Father?

Philip. Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure he is my
father that was neereft my mother when I was begotten,
and him I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John. *Essex*, for fashions sake demand againe,
And so an end to this contention.

Robert. Was eu'er man thus wrong'd as *Robert* is?

Essex. *Philip* speake I say, who was thy father?

John. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?

Elienor. *Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip. *Philippus atavis edite Regibus.*

What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?

Quo me rapit tempestas?

The troublesome Raigne

What winde of honour blowes this fury forth?
Or whence proceedes these fumes of Maiestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound,
That *Philip* is the sonne vnto a King:
The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am *Richards* sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius*:
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glory of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* sonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts y wrapt in Honours Heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
Thy fathers lands cannot maintaine these thoughts,
These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge*:
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.
Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thy answer here?
Wilt thou vpon a franticke madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?
No keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
What ere thou thinkest, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

Iohn. Speake man, be sodaine, who thy father was.

Phil. Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert*,
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
Let land and lining goe, tis honours fire
That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Base to a King addes titles of more Stare,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate:
Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.
Robert, Robert, reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Another

of King John.

Mo. What head-strong fury doth enchant my sonne?

Phil. *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.

Ioh. Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

Q. Eli. Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne?

Phil. Madam, I am bold to make my selfe your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnesse hath:

And with this Prouerbe gin the world anew,
Helpe hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthy so great a Sire.

Eli. *Philip*, I thinke thou knewst thy Grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thy Vncle heere,
Who shall giue Honour to thy noble minde.

Ioh. *Philip* kneele downe, that thou maist throughly
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs, (know
Rise vp Sir *Richard Plantaginet* King *Richards* Sonne,

Phil. Grant Heauens that *Philip* once may shew him-
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*, (selfe
Or basest glory of a Bastards name.

Ioh. Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:

Effex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.

The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselves
With gold and groates, that are the Souldiers due.

Thus forward Lords, let our command be done,
And march we forward mightily to *France*. *Exeunt.*

Mañet Philip and his Mother.

Philip. Madame, I beseech you deigne mee so much lea-
sure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you

The troublesome Raigne

Mother. What's the matter *Philip*? I thinke your suit in secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burnes in the bottom of my chest.

Phil. No Madam, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow, But such a suit, as might some other grant, I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.

Phil. Then Madam thus, your Ladiship sees well, How that my scandall growes by meanes of you, In that report hath rumord vp and downe, I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.

This grosse attaine so tilteth in my thoughts, Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease, That field and towne, and company alone, What so I doe, or wherefoere I am, I cannot chafe the slander from my thoughts, If it be true, resolue me of my fire, For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse.

Be *Philip*, *Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*, His father doubtlesse was as braue a man, To you on knees, as sometime *Phaeton*, Mistrusting silly *Merop* for his fire, Straining a litle bashfull modesty, I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Moth. Yet more adoe to hast me to my graue, And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse? Must I accuse my selfe to close with you? Slaunder my selfe, to quiet your effects? Thou mou'st me *Philip* with this idletalke, Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Phil. Nay Lady mother, heare me further yet, For strong conceit driues dutie hence awhile: Your husband *Fauconbridge* was father to that sonne, That carries markes of Nature like the fire, The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach, And holds my right, as lineall in descent, From him whose forme was figured in his face.

of King John.

Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent ?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine :
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of Steele.
Nay what is he, or what am I to him ?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely iudge vs both one countrey borne.
This Madam, this, hath droue me from my selfe :
And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolute me not.

Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy anger's fire,
And vrge no further what thou doest require.

Phil. Let sonnes intreaty sway the mother now,
Or else shee dies : Ile not infringe my vow.

Moth. Vnhappy taske : must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die ?
Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,
Or take from him a while his hearing vse.
Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am ?
The fault is mine, and he the faulty fruit,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Phil. Mother be brieft, I long to know my name,

Moth. And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame,

Phil. Come Madam come, you neede not be so loath,
The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.

Ist not a slacknesse in me, worthy blame,

To be so old, and cannot write my name.

Good mother resolute me.

Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my grieve,
My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,

The troublesome Raigne

My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maid and stained by youths vnruely sway.
And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,
To moue by loue, or massacre by death.
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
The mightinesse of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talks,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me so much :
Vpraid me rather with the Romane dame,
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done ?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a Princes sonne,
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours losse left me with child of thee :
Whose sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.

Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbride* I wish thee ioy,
My sire a King, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry Sir, let me alone for game,
He act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Mary* he not sell that pride
For Englands wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip the French King, and Lewis, Limoges,
Constance, and her sonne Arthur.*

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the Albion territories,
Skacing proud *Angiers* with a puissant siege :

of King Iohn.

Braue *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right,
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from England come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the West,
To coole the fet-locks of his weary teame,
Till I had with an vnesisted shooke
Controlld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forget of my fame to Chaunce.

Const. May be that *Iohn* in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme condicions backe to *France*,
As shall debate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbearance is a deede well done.

Arth. Ah mother, possession of a Crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,
For present vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witnesse, in his brother time,
He tooke vpon him rule, and almost raigne:
Then must it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l resigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threatens of no esteeme,
And sooner would he scorne *Europa's* power,
Than loose the smallest title he enioyes;
For questionlesse he is an Englishman.

Lewis. Why, are the English peerelesse in compare?
Braue *Caualliers* as ere that Island bred,
Haue liu'd, and didd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the caule:
England is England, yeelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of England is as other *Iohns*.
Trust me young *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this need.

Lymog. The Englishman hath little cause I trowe,
To spend good speeches on so proud a foe.

Why

The troublesome Raigne

Why *Arthur* here's his spoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liu'd outron'd his brother *Iohn* :
But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouer-match.
But newes comes now, here's the Embassadour.

Enter Chattillion.

K. Phil. And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattil*.
What newes? will *Iohn* accord to our command? (*lion* :

Chat. Be I not brieft to tell your Highnesse all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale :
For one selfe bottome brought vs both to France.
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demands.
The Mother Queene she taketh on a maine
Gainst Lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to Albion,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a Grandames care,
To leaue his Mother; willing him submit
His state to *Iohn*, and her protection,
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.
More circumstance the season intercepts :
This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne.

K. Phil. This bitter wind must nip some-bodies spring:
Sodaine and brieft, why so, tis haruest weather.

But say *Chattillion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chat. Of England, Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salisburie*,
The onely noted men of any name.

Next them, a bastard of the Kings deceast,
A hardy wild head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolute.

Then is there with them *Elmor* Mother Queene,
And *Blanch* her Neece, daughter to the King of Spaine :
These are the prime birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter Iohn and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.

K. Phil. Me seemeth *Iohn*, an ouer-daring spirit

Effects

of King John.

Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
Treading my Confines with thy armed troupes.
I rather lookt for some submisſe reply
Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vnjuſtly doſt vſurpe.

K. John, For that *Chartillion* can diſcharge you all,
I liſt not pleade my Title with my tongue.
Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To *France*, or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchaſe of my right,
The towne of *Angiers* : which thou doſt begirt
In the behalfe of Lady *Conſtance* ſonne,
Whereto nor he, nor ſhe, can lay juſt claime.

Conſtance, Yes (false intruder) if that juſt be juſt,
And head-ſtrong vſurpation put apart,
Arthur my ſonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous ſhadow of diſcent,
Is Soueraigne to the ſubſtance thou withholdſt.

Q. Elin. Miſgouernd goſſip, ſtaine to this reſort,
Occaſion of theſe vndecided iarres,
I ſay (that know) to checke thy vaine ſuppoſe,
Thy ſonne hath nought to doe with that he claimes.
For prooſe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by diſcent,

Con. A Will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the diuell is an ouerſeer,
And proud dame *Elinor* ſole Executreſſe :
More wills than ſo, on perill of my ſoule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur, But ſay there was, as ſure there can be none,
The Law intends ſuch teſtaments as void,
Where right diſcent can no way be impeacht,

Q. Elin. Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee
To loare with perill after *Icarus*, (wings
And truſt me yongling for thy fathes ſake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Con. Beſhrew you'elſe how pittifull you are,

The troublesome Raigne

Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne ;
Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieve,
That minister a poyson for pure loue.
But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be vs'd too well ?
I there's the grieve, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne,

Q. Elian. Impatient, franticke, common slanderer,
Immodest dame, vnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I not enuy to thy sonne,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue done.

K. Phil But here's no prooffe that shews your son a king.

K. I. What wants, my sword shall more at large set down

Lew But that may breake before the truth be known.

Basf. Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

Lym. Good words sir saue, your betters are in place.

Basf. Not you sir doubty, with your Lyons case.

Blanch. Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle
All *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd. (belong'd:

Lym. Me thinkes that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a president t'affright you all.

Basf. What words are these? how doe my sinews shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,
This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate ;
How doth *Alecio* whisper in mine eares ?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the Sauages,
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing
flaue.

What mak'st thou with the Trophie of a King ?
Sham'st thou not coy strell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too pretious for a Monarkes couerture ?

of King Iohn.

Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowe,
For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
Twise will I not reuiue the mornfogs rise,
Till I haue torne that Trophée from thy backe,
And spilt thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.

Lym. Nay soft sir bastard, hearts are not spilt so soone,
Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:
And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers skin.

Blan. Well may the world speak of his knightly valour,
That wins this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

Bast. Ill nay I thrīue, and nothing brooke with me,
If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Phil. Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
That deeds may trie what words cannot determine,
And to the purpose for the cause you come.
Me seemes you set right in chance of warre,
Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.
So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength:
A tyrants practice to inuest himselfe,
Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way.
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,
Am come before this City of Angiers,
To barre all other false supposed claime,
From whence, or howsoere the error springs.
And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
He fight it out vnto the latest man.

Iohn. Know King of France, I will not bee commanded
By any power or Prince in Christendome,
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,

The troublesome Raigne

More than to answer, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,
And heare them offer me allegiance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liegemen ought.

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not belecue it till I see it,
and when I see it, Ile soone change it.

*They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare
vpon the walls.*

K. Ioh. You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loyall
subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on
my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am
perswaded you are not. In fewe words our brothers sonne,
backt with the King of *France*, haue beleagred your towne
vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence whereof
I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you
from the Vsurper, to free your intended seruitude, and vt-
terly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest.
Say then, who keepe you the towne for?

Citz. For our lawfull King.

Ioh. I was no lesse perswaded: then in Gods name open
your gates and let me enter.

Cit. And it please your Highnesse we controll not your
title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance: if you be
lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vse, if
not King, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, with-
out more considerate triall: wee answere not as men law-
lesse, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

Ioh. I shall not come in then?

Cit. No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Phil. Then heare me speake in the behalfe of *Arthur*
son of *Ieffery*, elder brother to *Iohn*, his title manifest, with-
out contradiction, to the crowne & kingdome of England,
with *Angiers*, & diuers townes on this side the sea: will you
acknowledge him your Liege Lord, who speaketh in my
word, to entertain you with all fanors, as becometh a King
to his Subiects, or a friend to his welwillers: or stand to the
peril of your cōtempt, whē his title is proued by the sword.

Citizen

of King Iohn.

Cit. We answer as before, till you haue prooued our right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loth to subscribe before we know: more than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not doe.

K. Phil. Then *Iohn* I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy King and Cousen, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battell make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. Iohn. I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. *The Bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skin.*

Bast. And art thou gone misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.

Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with stearne lookes,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,
And so in frensie let the peasant die.

Here is the ransome that allaiies his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* let his sonne:
With which I shall surprise his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* stature did the fainting Greekes.

Exit.

Enter the Kings Heraulds with Trumpets to the walls of Angiers: they summon the Towne.

Eng. Her. *Iohn* by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, Aniow, Toraine, &c. demandeth once againe of you his subiects of Angiers, if you will quietly surrender vp the towne into his hands?

The troublesome Raigne

Fr. Herald. Philip by the grace of God King of France, demandeth in the behalfe of *Arthur Duke of Brittain*, if you will surrender vpon the towne into his hands, to the vse of the said *Arthur*.

Citizens. Heralds goe tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers, require a parley of their Maiesties.

Heralds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, *Queene Elianor, Blanch, Bastard, Limoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembroke, Salisbury, Constance,* and *Arthur Duke of Brittain*.

John. Herald what answer doe the Townesmen send?

Philip. Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip King of France*?

Eng. Her. The Townesmen on the walls accept your

Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maiesty. (Grace?

John. You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull French? And haue you wisely pondred therewithall Your gaine in yeelding to the English King?

Phil. Their losse in yeelding to the English King. But *John* they saw from out their highest Towers The Cheualiers of France and crosse-bow shot Make lanes of slaughtered bodies through thine hoast, And are resolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.

John. Why *Philip*, though thou brau'st it fore the walles, Thy conscience knowes that *John* hath won the field.

Phil. What ere my conscience knowes, thy Army feesles That *Philip* had the better of the day.

Bastard. *Phil* indeed hath got the Lyons case, Which heere hee holds to *Limoges* disgrace.

Base Duke to flye and leaue such spoyles behind :

But this thou knewst of force to make me stay.

It far'd with thee as with the Mariner,

Spying the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke

Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the winde,

That

of King John.

That throwes out emptie vessels, so to stay
His fury, while the ship doth saile away.
Philip 'tis thine: and for this princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first aduventure Iatchieu'd,
And first exploite your Grace did me enioyne:
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.

Blanch. *Philip* I take it, and I thee command
To weare the same as earst thy father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'encourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arth. Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute?
Arthur or *Iohn*, say which shall be your King?

Citz. We care not which, if once we knew the right:
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

Bast. Might *Philip* counsell two so mighty Kings,
As are the King of England, and of France,
He would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces 'gainst these Citizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The Towne once wonne, then strue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citi. Kings, Princes, Lords, and Knights assemble here,
The Citizens of Angiers all by me
Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

Ioh. *Philip* speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citz. Then thus: whereas the young and lusty Knight
Incites you on to knit your Kingly strengths:
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,
And such as loue the quiet of the State.
But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces should be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie;

The troublesome Raigne

Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way,
And stand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewis the Dolphin, and the heire of France,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet vnmarried : let him take to wife
The beantious daughter of the King of Spaine,
Neece to King *Iohn*, the louely Lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his sister *Elinor*.

With her in marriage will her Vnkle giue
Castles and Towers, as fitteth such a match.
The King thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with *Arthur* Duke of Britaine,
Who is but young, and yet vnmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euery way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon condition you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

Arth. A proper peace, if such a motion hold ;
These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou louest
thy mother.

Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing :
Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall haue small succour out of France.

Iohn. Brother of France, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me how you meane to deale herein.

Const. Why *Iohn*, what canst thou giue vnto thy Neece,
That hast no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right ?

Lew. Bir lady Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely damsell is the Lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of Europe for her pheere.

Const. What Kings, why stand you gazing in a trance ?

Why

of King John.

Why how now Lords ? accursed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall Planet at thy birth day raign'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Phil. Lady, and Duke of Brittain, know you both,
The King of France respects his honour more,
Then to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princessse of Spaine, could you affect my sonne,
If we vpon condition could agree ?

Bast. Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman ?
Slauie as I was, I thought to haue moou'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That Lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth enough,
And make me heire of store of English land.

Q. Elinor. Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policy compound this strife.

Bast. If *Lewis* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke Frenchman take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an English horne.

John. Lady, what answer make you to the K. of France?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord ?

Blanch. I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince :
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least being too too forward in the cause,
If may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elin. Sonne *John*, and worthy *Philip* K of France,
Doe you conferre a while about the Dower,
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done.

Con. I, there's the wretch that brocheth all this ill,
Why flie I not vpon the Beldams face,
And with my nailes pull forth her hatefull eyes,

Arthur. Sweet mother cease these hasty madding fits :
For my sake, let my Grandam haue her will.

O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,

The troublesome Raigne

I could affoord it to appease these broyles.
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

Phil. Brother of England, what Dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my sonne in marriage with thy Neece?

John. First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of Spaine,
To be so great as may content a King :
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.
For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.

Phil. Then I demaund *Volquesson, Torain, Main,*
Poiters and *Aniow*, these fise Prouinces,
Which thou as King of England holdst in France :
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Bast. No lesse then fise such Prouinces at once?

Ioh. Mother what shall I do? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our English blood :
And shall I giue it all away at once?

Q. Elis. *John* giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,
And keepe the residue sans ieopardie.

John. *Philip*, bring forth thy sonne, here is my neece;
And here in marriage I doe giue with her
From me and my successors English Kings,
Volquesson, Poitiers, Aniow, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne,
Now Citizens, how like you of this match?

Citiz. We ioy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lew. *Lewis* with *Blanch* shall euer liue content.
But now King *John*, what say you to the Duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

Phil. K. *John*, be good vnto thy Nephew here,
And giue him somewhat that shall please you best.

Ioh. *Arthur*, although thou troublest Englands peace,
Yet here I giue thee Brittain for thine owne;
Together with the Earledome of Richmond,
And this rich Citie of Angiers withall.

Q. Elis.

of King John.

Q. Elian. And if thou seeke to please thine vncke *Johns*
So see my sonne how I will make of thee,

John. Now every thing is sorted to this end,
Let's in, and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in *S. Maries* Chappell presently
Shall be performed ere this Presence part. *Exeunt.*

Manent Constance and Arthur.

Art. Madam good cheer, these drouping languishments
Adde no redresse to salue our aukward haps,
If heauens haue concluded these euent,
To small auaille is bitter pensiuenesse:
Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
May change with them, and all to our reliefe.

Const. Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too Greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount,
What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodg in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

Arth. Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
Rather then helps, heape vp more worke for woes.

Const. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge;
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This cursed countrey, where the traytors breath,
Whose periurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
Beleaguers all the Skye with mis-beleeefe.

He promist *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy foe-mans pride:
But now black-spotted Periure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewis* to her louely Neece,
Sharing thy fortune and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene these Louers: ill betide the match.
And as they shoulder thee from out thine own,
And triumph in a widdowes fearefull cares:

The troublesome Raigne

So heau'ns crosse them with a thriflesse course,
Is all the bloud y spilt on either part,
Closing the cranies of the thirsty earth,
Growne to a loue-game and a Bridall feast?
And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes?
Poore helpless boy, hopelesse and helpless too,
To whom misfortune seemes no yoke at all.
Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why lookst thou pale, the colour flies thy face:
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it muddie with my doles discourse,
Goe in with me, reple not louely boy,
We must obscure this moane with melodie,
Least worser wrack ensue our male-content. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, the King of France, *Arthur*,
Bastard, *Lewis*, *Lynoges*, *Constance*, *Blanch*, *Chattilion*,
Pembroke, *Salisbury*, and *Elinor*.

Iohn. This is the day, the long-desired day,
Wherein the Realmes of England and of France
Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
Thrice happy is the Bridegroom and the Bride,
From whose sweet Bridall such a concord springs,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Const. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

Phil. Vnhappy peace, that ties thee from reuenge,
Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to see
The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.

Kings, Princes, and yee Peeres of either Realmes,
Pardon my rashnesse, and forgiue the zeale
That carries me in fury to a deede
Of high desert, of honour and of armes.

A boone (O Kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Prostrate vpon his knee: which knee shall cleaue
Vnto the superficies of the earth,
Till France and England grant this glorious boone.

Iohn.

of King Iohn.

Iohn. Speake *Philip*, England grants thee thy request.

Phil. And France confirms what ere is in his power.

Bast. Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,

Too base a ranfome for my fathers life.

Princes, I craue the combate with the Duke

That braues it in dishonour of my fire.

Your words are past, nor can you now reuerse

The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,

Whereat me thinkes I see his sinewes shake:

This is the boone (dread Lords) which granted once,

Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ;

Since I shall liue and dye in *Richards* right.

Lym. Base bastard, misbegotten of a King,

To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites

With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace;

Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,

With one so farre vnequall to my selfe.

Bast. A fine excuse, Kings if you will be Kings,

Then keepe your words, and let vs combate it.

Iohn. *Philip* wee cannot force the Duke to fight,

Being a subiect vnto neither Realme:

But tell me *Austria*, if an English Duke,

Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?

Lym. Elle let the world account the *Austrich* Duke

The greatest coward liuing on the earth.

Iohn. Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* will keep his word,

Kneele downe, in sight of *Philip* King of France,

And all these Princely Lords assembled hære,

I gird thee with the sword of Normandie,

And of that Land I doe inuest thee Duke:

So shalt thou be in liuing and in land

Nothing inferior vnto *Austria*.

Lym. K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly to thy face,

Thou wrongst mine honour: and that thou mayst see

How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,

I flatly say, I will not be compeld:

And so farewell sir Duke of low degree,

The troublesome Raigne

He finde a time to match you for this geare. *Exit.*

Iohn. Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honour's thine.

Bast. I cannot liue vnlesse his life bee mine.

Q. Elia. Thy forwardnes this day hathioy'd my soule
And made methinke my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. Phil. Lordings let's in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphes, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Car. Stay King of France, I charge thee ioy a not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of Millaine, and
Legate of the Sea of Rome, demand of thee in the name
of our holy Father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou do'st
(contrary to the lawes of our holy Mother the Church,
and our holy Eather the Pope, disturbe the quiet of the
Church, and disanull the election [of *Stephen Langhton*,
whom his Holinesse hath elected Arch-bishop of Can-
terbury: this in his Holinesse name I demand of thee?

Ioh. And what hast thou or the Pope thy master to do; to
demand of me how I imploy mine owne? Know sir Priest,
as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scorne
to be subiect to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy
master so from me, and say, *Iohn* of England said it, that ne-
uer an Italian Priest of them al, shal either haue tythe, tole,
or Polling peny out of England; but as I am King, so will I
raigne next vnder God, supream head both ouer spiritual
and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, He make
him hop-headlesse.

K. Phil. What *K. Iohn*, know you what you say, thus to
blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

Ioh. Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Chri-
stendome suffer themselues to bee abus'd by a Prelates fla-
uery, my minde is not of such base temper. If the Pope will
bee King of England, let him win it with the sword, I know
no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Card. *Iohn*, this is thine answer?

Iohn.

of King Iohn.

Iohn. What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, Legate from the Apostolike Sea, doe in the name of Saint *Peter* and his successor our holy Father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed, discharging euery of thy subiects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatsoever, which shall carry armes against thee, or murder thee: This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

Ioh. So sir, the more the Foxe is curs'd the better a fares: if God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope and his shauelings curse and spare not.

Card. Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip* K. of France, and all the Kings and Princes of Christendome, to make warre vpon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, being made with an Hereticke; how saist thou *Philip*, do'st thou obey?

Ioh. Brother of France, what say you to the Cardinall?

Phil. I say, I am sorry for your Maiestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the Church of Rome.

Ioh. And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

Phil. What should I say? I must obey the Pope.

Ioh. Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God:

Phil. The Légate hath absolu'd me of mine oath;

Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee here.

Ioh. Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and periur'd King of France, Vnworthy man to be accounted King.

Giu'st thou thy sword into a Prelates hands:

Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes and Friers

Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my warrs,

Now will I take no more but all they haue.

He rouse the lazie lubbers from their cels,

And in despite he send them to the Pope.

Mother

The troublesome Raigne

Mother come you with me, and for the rest
That will not follow *John* in this attempt,
Confusion light vpon their damned soules.
Come Lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good
Phil. And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy selfe shall see,
How France will fight for Rome and Romish rites.
Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,
Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The King of England to the gates of Rome.

Arthur. Bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see,
What *Philip.* King of France will doe for thee.

Blanch. And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
For sake your bride. and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with me.

Lew. Sweet heart content thee, and we shall agree.

Phil. Follow my Lords, Lord Cardinall leade the way,
Drums shall be musicke to this wedding day. *Exeunt.*

*Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria, and
kils him.*

Bast. Thus hath K. *Richards* son perform'd his vowes,
And offred *Austria's* blood for sacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing soule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth say,
I haue deseru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be call'd the Duke of Normandy.
Lie there a prey to euery rauning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy spoiles,
And trode thine ensignes vnderneath his feet,
So doe I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food. *Exit.*

Excursions. Arthur, Constance, Lewis, hauing taken

Q. Elinor prisoner.

(arme

Const. Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering
Dispearst

of King Iohn.

Dispearst the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturber of thy Countries peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

Q. Elinor, Contemptuous Dame, vnrerent Dutches
thou,

To braue so great a Queene as *Elinor*,
Base scold hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mighty English Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir boy,
To set your Grandmother at liberty,
And yeeld to *Iohn* your Vncle and your King.

Const. Tis not thy words proud Queene shall carry it.

Elin. Nor yet thy threatens proud dame shall daunt my
mind.

Arth. Sweete Grandame, and good mother leaue these
braules.

Elin. Ile find a time to triumph in thy fall.

Const. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* wil triumph.

Arth. Good mother, weigh it is Queene *Elinor*,
Though she be captine, vse her like her selfe.
Sweet Grandame beare with what my Mother sayes,
Your Highnesse shall be vsed honourably.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. *Lewis* my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, King *Iohn* relieues his men,
And ginnes the fight a fresh: and sweares wicall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur* away, 'tis time to looke about.

Elin. Why how now dame, what is your courage coold.

Const. No *Elinor*, my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to leade both *Iohn* and thee as slaues:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field.

Exeunt.
Excursions.

The troublesome Raigne

Excursions. Elinor is rescued by Iohn, and Arthur is taken prisoner. Exeunt. Sound victory.

Enter Iohn, Elinor, and Arthur prisoner, Bastard, Pembroke, Salisbury, and Hubert de Burgh.

Iohn, Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right;
Arthur thou seest, France cannot bolster thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last Nephew thou yeeid thy selfe
Into the guardance of thine Vncle *Iohn*,
Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince.

Arthur. Vncle, my grandame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuail'd, not right, for I am King
Of England, though thou weare the Diademe.

Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, soone shall we teach him to forget
These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.

Ioh. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liu'd not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to England now,
And take some order with our Popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.

Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaie,
Ransacke the Abbeis, Cloysters, Priories,
Conuert their coyne vnto my souldiers vse:
And whatsoere he be within my Land,
That goes to Rome for iustice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudg'd a traitor to the State,
And suffer as an enemy to England.

Mother, we leaue you here beyond the Seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in France,
While we to England take a speedy course,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.

Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,

of King John.

Be he thy Prisoner: *Hubert* keepe him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne,
But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse:
Then *Hubert* as thou shortly hearst from me,
So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hubert. Frolicke young Prince though I your keeper be,
Yet shall your keeper liue at your command.

Arth. As please my God, so shall become of me.

Q. Elian. My sonne to England I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore,

Bast. Now warres are done I long to be at home,
To diue into the Monks and Abbots bagges,
To make some sport among the smooth skind Nunnes,
And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers.

John. To England Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme your selues against the Romane pride. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of France, Lewis his sonne, Cardinall Pandolph Legate, and Constance.

Philip. What, euery man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droope ye Lords of France?
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde.
To lowre it for a checke or two of Chance.
Had *Lymoges* escapt the Bastards spight,
A little sorrow might haue seru'd our losse.
Braue Austria, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

Card. His soule is safe and free from Purgatory,
Our holy Father hath dispenst his finnes,
The blessed Saints haue heard our Orisons,
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His Holinesse free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainst English Heretikes,
Who stand accursed in our mother Church.

Enter Constance alone.

The troublesome Raigne

Philip. To aggrauate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be brieve good Madame, for your face imports
A Tragicke tale behind that's yet vntold.
Her passions stop the Organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbbeeth mis-befalne euent,
Our with it Lady, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

Const. My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap,
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let reares prevent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
Shee weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elinors proud brat hath robd me of my sonne.

Lewis. Haue patience Madame, this is chance of war:
He may be ransom'd, we reuenge his wrong.

Const. Be it ne're so soone, I shall not liue so long.

Phil. Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, goe with me,
These clouds wil fleet, the day wil cleare againe. *Exeunt.*

Card. Now *Lewis* thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.

Arthur is safe, let *Iohn* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairest to Englands Crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with *Iohn*,
The Pope sayes I, and sois Albion thine.

Lewis. Thanks my Lord Legat for your good conceit,
Tis best we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.

Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shall not want: but let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip leading a Frier, charging him ^{to} shew where the
Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but
shew me where the Abbots treasure lies, or die.

Frier

of King John.

Frier. Benedicamus Domini, was euer such an iniurie?
Sweet *S. Withold* of thy lenity, defend vs from extremity,
And heare vs for *S. Charity*, oppressed with austeritie,
In nomini Domini, make I my homily,
Gentle Gentility grieue not the Cleargie.

Phil Gray-gown'd good face, coniure ye,
nere trust me for a groat
If this wast girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coat.

Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
when vp the gallowes climbing,
Say *Philip* he had words enough,
to put you downe with riming.

Fr. O pardon, O parce, *S. Francis* for mercie,
Shall shield thee from night-spels & dreaming of diuels,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,
With fasting and praying, and *Haile Mary* saying,
From black Purgatory, a penance right sory:
Frier Thomas will warme you.

It shall neuer harme you.

Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs, hang vp this lozell.

2, *Fr.* For charity I beg his life;
Saint *Francis* chiefest *Frier*,

The best in all our Couent fir,
to keepe a Vintners fire.

O strangle not the good old man,
my hostesse oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by
vnto the Priors chest.

Phil. I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the *Frier* is at liberty,
If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company

Fr. Come hither, this is the chest, thogh simple to behold,
That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer & in gold.
My self wil warrant ful so much, I know the Abots store,
Ile pawn my life there is no less, to haue what ere is more.

Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share shal
come,

The troublesome Raigne

But if there want of full so much, thy necke shall pay the
sunne.

Break v^p the Coffer, Frier.

Frier. Oh I am vndone, faire *Alice* the Nunne.

Hath tooke v^p her rest in the Abbots chest.

Sainte benedicite pardon my simplicitie.

Fie *Alice*, confession will not salue this transgression.

Philip. What haue we heere, a holy Nunne? so keepe me
God in health.

A smooth fac'd Nunne (for ought I know) is all the Abbots
wealth.

Is this the Nunries chastitie?

Bestrew me but I thinke

They go as oft to venery, as niggards to their drinke.

Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, yee shamelesse shauen
crowne,

Isthis the chest that held a hoord,

at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore,

well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'l take the paine to pay you home,

and teach you to dissemble.

Nunne. O spare the Frier *Anthony*,

a better neuer was,

To sing a Dirge solemnly,

or read a morning masse.

If money be the meanes of this,

I know an ancient Nunne,

That hath a hoord these seuen yeares,

did neuer see the sunne;

And that is yours, and what is ours,

so fauour now be showne,

You shall command as commonly,

as if it were your owne.

Frier. Your honour excepted.

Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Philip. From all saue from Friers.

Nunne.

of King Iohn.

Nun. Good sir, doe not thinke so.

Phil. I thinke and see so :

Why how camst thou here ?

Fri. To hide her from lay men.

Nun. Tis true sir, for feare.

Phil. For feare of the laitie : a pitifull dread

When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers bed.

But now for your ransome my cloyster-bred conney,

To the chest that you speake of where lies so much money.

Nun. Faire sir, within this presse, of plate and money is

The valew of a thousand markes, and other things by gis.

Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you know it.

Phil. Come on sir Frier, picke the locke, this geere doth

cotton hanfome, (some:

That couetousnesse so cunningly must pay the lechers ran-

What is in the hoord ?

Fr. Frier *Laurance* my Lord, now holy water helpe vs,

Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude vs :

Hand Credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndone,

And brought to discredence if thou be Frier *Laurence*,

Fr. *Amor vincit omnia*, so *Cato* affirmeth,

And therefore a Frier whose fancy soone burneth,

Because he is mortall and made of mould,

He omits what he ought, and doth more then he should.

Philip. How goes this geere ? the Friers chest fill'd with

a faulsen Nunne.

The Nunne againe lockes Frier vp,

to keepe him from the Sunne,

Belike the presse is Purgatory,

or penance passing grievous :

The Friers chest a hell for Nunnas !

how doe these dolts deceiue vs ?

Is this the labour of their liues, to feed and liue at ease ?

To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please.

He mend the fault or faile my aime,

if I doe misse amending,

The troublesome Raigne.

Tis better burne the Cloysters downe,
then leaue them for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake,
to you religious deuill,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,
to quit you for your euill

Nun. I cry *peccati, parce me,*
good sir I was beguil'd.

Fr. Absolue sir for charitie,
she would be reconcil'd.

Phil. And so I shall, sirs bind them fast,
This is their absolution;

go hang them vp for hurting them,
Hast them to execution.

Fr. Laurence. *O tempus edax rerum,*
Giue children bookes they teare them.

O vanitas vanitatis, in this waining *etatis;*

At threescore welneere, to goe to this geere,

To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog,

Exaudi me Domine, si vis me parce.

Dabo pecuniam, si habeo pensam.

To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it;

A hundred pound sterling, for my liues sparing.

Enter Peter a Prophet, with people.

Pet. Hoe, who is here? *St. Francis* be your speed;

Come in my flocke and follow me,

your fortunes I will reed.

Come hither boy, goe get thee home,

and clime not ouer hie,

For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.

Boy. God be with you *Peter,* I pray you come to our
house a Sunday.

Pet. My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,

For in thy palme I see a many troubles are y bent to dwell,

But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.

Boys.

of King John.

Boy, I thanke you *Peter*, there's a cheefe for your labor: my sister prayes you to come home, and tell her how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of bacon.

Pet. My masters, stay at the towns end for me, Ile come to you all anone: I must dispatch some busines with a Fri-er, and then Ile read your fortunes.

Phil. How now, a Prophet! sir Prophet whence are ye?

Pet. I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now, be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling Knaue, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are he I looke for, you shall away with me, bring away all the rable: and you Frier *Laurence*, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest; come on sir prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a prophets reward.

Exeunt.

Enter Hubert de Burgh with three men.

Hub. My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heavy countenances, you had rather be otherwise employed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyse of some other executioner: only this is my comfort that a king commands, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in brieue leaue me, and be ready to attend the aduenture: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, *God save the King*. issue suddenly forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, set him in this chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leane him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants, We goe, though loath. *Exeunt.*

Hub. My Lord, will it please your Honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur, Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,

The troublesome Raigne.

In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eye.
But tell me curteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me tarry here.

Hubert I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long,
God send you freedome, and *God save the King.*

They issue forth.

Arthur, Why how now sirs, what may this ontrage
meane?

O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle Keeper helpe:
God send this sudden mutinous approach
Tend not to reauē a wretched guiltles life.

Hub. So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.

Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face;
What meaneth this good *Hubert* pleade the case.

Hub. Patience young Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hels horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.

I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.

Arth. What must I die?

Hub. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most vnluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, it's hell to tell the rest.

Arth. Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it must needs be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hub. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.

My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once deni'd.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert

of King John.

Hubert, these are to command thee, as thou tendrest our quiet
in minds, and the estate of our person, that presently upon the
receipt of our command, thou put out the eyes of Arthur
Plantaginet.

Arthur. Ah monstrous damned man: his very breath
infects the elements.

Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniustice that the miscreant
Lives to oppresse the Innocents with wrong.

Ah *Hubert*: makes hee thee his instrument,
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes, the Saints do shed celestiall teares,
They feare thy fall and cite thee with remorse,
They knocke thy conscience mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
Hell *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensurreth Satan chieftane of thy soule:
Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I speake not only for eyes priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy sweet soules losse, more then mine eyes vaine lacke:
A case internall and externall too.

Aduise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
To loose saluation for a Kings reward.

Hubert. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the Kings command. (further,

Arthur Yet God commands, whose power reacheth
That no command should stand in force to murder.

Hubert. But that same essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur. I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.

The troublesome Raigne

Hubert. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.

Arthur. Why thou art hee that maist omit the perill.

Hubert. I, if my Soueraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur. His quarrell is vnhalloved, false and wrong.

Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vilde a deede.

Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arth. Yes, where in forme of law in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more grieffe then promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolu'd I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commands depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doe his charge since he commands it so.

Arthur. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day,
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doe behold with eyes that nature lent:
Send forth the terror of your mouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blaoke tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Vpbraid them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reauce me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.

Constance farewell, tormentor come away,
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

Hubert. I faint, I feare my conscience bids desist:
Faint did I say? feare was it that I named:

My

of King Iohn.

My King commands, that warrant sets me free :
But God forbids and he commandeth Kings,
That great Commander counterchecks my charge,
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart,
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee young Lord, thou shalt not lose an eye,
Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
He to the King, and say his will is done,
And of the languor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde those lampes that Nature polisht so.

Arth. Hubert if euer *Arthur* be in state,
Looke for amends of this receiued gift,
I tooke my eyesight by thy curtesie,
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procrastination may offend.
The issue that thy kindnesse vndertakes:
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worst. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Pembroke.

Iohn. Now warlike followers resteth ought vndone,
That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?
The French haue felt the temper of our swords,
Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with so great an ouermatch,
The arch prowde titled Priest of *Italy*,
That callshimselfe grand Vicar vnder God,
Is busied now with Trentall obsequies,
Masse and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
To ease their soules in painfull Purgatory,
That haue miscarried in these bloody warres.
Heard you not Lords when first his Holinesse
Had tidings of our small account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,
He vrgde a reason why the English Aſſe
Disdaind the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?

The troublesome Raigne

The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,
The flauish weight of that controlling Priest:
Who at his pleasure tempered them like waxe
To carry armes on danger of his curse,
Banding their soules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past
(Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)
Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue proind the more then needfull braunch
That did oppresse the true well growing stocke,
It resteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclained and inuested King.

Pemb. My Liege, that were to busie men with doubts,
Once were you crown'd, proclaim'd, and with applause
Your Citie streetes haue ecchoed to the eare,
God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
Pardon my feare, my censure doth inferre,
Your Highnesse not depos'd from Regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it should meane to haue you crownd againe.

Iohn. *Pembrooke*, performe what I haue bid thee doe,
Thou knowst not what induceth me to this,
Essex goe in and Lordings all be gone
About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Bastard.

Iohn. What newes, how doe the Abbots chests?
Are Friers fatter then the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Church-men, had they gold or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office rooke effect?

Phil. My Lord, I haue perform'd your Highnes charge,
The ease bred Abbots, and the bare-foote Friers,
The Monks, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had tythd and told their holy hoords.

of King Iohn.

I doubt not when your Highnesse sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

Iohn, Why so, now sorts it *Philip* as it should :
This small intrusion into Abbey trunks,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones for the Springs approach :
But yet as harme lesse and without effect,
As is the eccho of a Canons cracke
Dischargde against the battlements of heauen.
But what newes else befell there *Philip* ?

Bast. Strange newes my Lord: within your territories
Neere *Pomfret* is a Prophet new sprung vp,
Whose diuination volles wonders forth :
To him the Commons throng with Country gifts,
He sets a date vnto the Beldames death,
Prescribes how long the Virgins death shall last,
Distinguisheth the mouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plenty forth :
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a Register of all the destines.

Iohn. Thou telst me maruels, would thou hadst brought
the man;

We might haue questiond him of things to come.

Bast. My Lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wist,
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
He staies my Lord but at the Presence doore :
Pleaseth your Highnesse, I will call him in.

Iohn. Nay stay awhile, we e'l haue him here anon,
A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King Iohn, and then cry
God saue the King.

[*Iohn*, Lordings and friends supporters of our State,
Admire

The troublesome Raigne

Admire not at this vncustom'd course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inuested King,
Your fealtie sworne as Liegemen to our state :
Once since that time ambitious weedes haue sprung
To staine the beauty of our garden plot :
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made sunne-shine chase the storme.
After the which, to try your constancie,
That now I see is worthy of your names,
We crau'd once more your helpes for to inuest vs
Into the right that enuy sought to wracke.
Once was I not deposde, your former choyce;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded King ?
Your cheered action to install me so,
Infers assured witnesse of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thanks the while, thanks Lordings to you all:
Aske me and vse me, trie me and finde me yours.

Essex. A boone my Lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your Highnesse bids vs aske:
Please it you grant, you make your promise good,
With lesser losse then one superfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

John, My word is past, receiue your boone my Lords,
What may it be ? Aske it, and it is yours.

Essex. We craue my Lord to please the commons with
The libertie of Lady *Constance* sonne :
Whose durance darkeneth your Highnesse right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Dimisse him thence, your Highnesse needes not feare,
Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our King.

Pembrooke

of King John.

Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your good:
For simple people muse you keepe him close.

Ioh. Your words haue searcht the center of my thoghts.
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Dismissione your counsell, sway my state,
Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your consents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this?
Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

There five Moones appeare.

Bast. See, see my Lord, strange apparitions,
Glancing mine eye to see the Diadem
Plac'd by the Bishops on your Highnesse head,
From forth a gloomy cloud, which curtaine-like
Displaid it selfe, I suddenly espied
Fiue Moones reflecting, as you see them now:
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was plac'd
Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.

Ioh. What might portend these apparitions,
Vnusuall signes, forerunners of euent,
Presagers of strange terrors to the world:
Belieue me Lords, the obiekt feares me much.
Philip, thou toldst me of a Wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccustom'd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Essex, Before the ruines of Ierusalem,
Such meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,
That hast'ned to destroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Bastard with the Prophet.

Ioh. Is this the man?

Bast. It is my Lord.

Iohn. Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art,

The troublesome Raigne

That calculat'st of many things to come :
Who by a power repleat with heauenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these five Moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I live to see
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Pet. The skye wherein these Moones haue residence,
Presenteth Rome the great *Metropolis*,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones present foure prouinces,
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
That beareth the yoke of proud commanding Rome,
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirls about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Island Albion,
Who gins to scorne the sea and seat of Rome,
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope :
This shewes the heauen, and this I doe auerre
Is figured in the apparitions.

Iob. Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope.
But for they chance in our Meridian,
Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clime ?

Pet. The moones effect no more than what I said :
But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoys'd and dispossest.

Iob. False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies :
If it be true, die for thy tidings price;

of King John.

If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose:
Hence with the Witch, hels damned secretarie.
Locke him vp sure, for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the Wizard shall not liue.
Before ascension day: who should be cause heereof?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercy serues to maine my selfe,
The roote doth liue from whence these thornes spring vp,
I and my promise past for his deliuerie:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell doe withall,
The brat shall dye that terrifies me thus.
Pembroke and *Essex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,
I loue you well, but if I lou'd you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your highnesse strict command,
Young *Arthurs* eyes are blinded and extinct.

Ioh. Why so, then he may feele the crowne but neuer see

Hub. Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine, (it.
Within one houre gaue he vp the ghost.

Ioh. What, is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord.

Ioh. Then with him dies my cares.

Essex. Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy death.

Essex. VVhat haue you done my Lord? Was euer heard
A deed of more inhumane consequence?

Your foes will curse, your friends will cry reuenge.

Vnkindly rage more rough then Northern wind,

To clip the beauty of so sweet a flower.

VVhat hope in vs for mercy on a fault,

VVhen Kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,

As you haue done so come to cheere you with,

The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth, *Exeunt.*

The troublesome Raigne

Ioh. And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are to braue me so:
Saucie, vnciuill checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That shall haue passage through your trait'rous throats.
But husht, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,
Least time preuent the issue of my reach.

Arthur is dead, I, there the corziue growes:
But while he liu'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
To whom the diuell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed shrewdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
Twice did my subiects sweare me fealty,
And in my conscience lou'd me as their liege,
In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
A tragycke tyrant, sterne and pittilesse,
And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
But butcher, bloodsucker, and murtherer.
What Planet govern'd my Nativity,
To bode me Soueraigne types of high estate,
So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell fury hath no interest.
Curst be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
Nay curst my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curst be my birthday, curst tentimes the wombe
That yeelded me alieue into the world.
Art thou there villaine: furies havnt thee still,
For killing him, whom all the world laments.

Hub. Why heer's my Lord your Highnes hand & scale,
Char-

of King Iohn.

Charging on liues regard to doe the deed.

Iohn. Ah dull conceipted Pesant knowst thou not
It was a damned execrable deed:
Shewst me a Seale? Oh villaine, both our soules
Haue sold their freedome to the thrall of hell,
Vnder the warrant of that cursed Seale.
Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
That I am comming for a Kingdome there.

Hubert. My Lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
For heauens health send sathan packing hence
That instigates your highnesse to despaire.
If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:
He liues my Lord, the sweetest youth aliuie,
In health, with eyesight, not a hayre amisse.
This heart tooke uigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.

Iohn. What, liues hee! then sweete hope come home a-
Chase hence despaire, the purueyor for hell. (gen,
Hye *Hubert*, tell these tidings to my Lords
That throb in passions for young *Arthurs* death:
Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reucaled
The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my selfe, the ioyfulst man aliuie
To storie out this new supposed crime, *Exeunt.*

The end of the first Part.

THE
Second Part of the
troublesome Raigne of
King I O H N.

Containing,

*The entrance of Lewis the French
Kings sonne: with the poysoning of
King I O H N by
a Monke.*

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Aug: Mathewes* for *Thomas Deme*, and
are to be sold at his shop in *St. Dunstones*
Church-yard in Fleet-street, 1622.



To the Gentlemen Readers.

THe changelesse purpose of determinde Fate.
Gines period to our care, or hearts content,
When heav'ns fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp, or pollicie prevent
The doome ordained in their secret will.

Gentiles, we left King Iohn repleat with blisse,
That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine;
And Hubert poasting to retorne those Lords,
Who deem'd him dead, and parted discontent:
Arthur himselfe begins our later Act,
Our Act of outrage, despaire, fury, death;
Wherein foud rashnesse murthereth first a Prince,
And Monkish falsenesse poyssneth last a King:
First Scene shewes Arthurs death in infancie,
And last concludes Iohns fatall Tragedie.



The second part of the trouble- some Raigne of King Iohn.

Containing

*The entrance of Lewis the French Kings sonne:
With the poysoning of King Iohn by
a Monke.*

Enter young Arthur on the walls.

NOW helpe good hap to further mine intent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames:
I venture life to gaine my liberty,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins dissuade the strength of my resolute,
My hold will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and liue in prison still.
Prison said I? nay, rather death then so:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
He venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

*He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from
his traunce, speakes thus;*

Hoe, who is nigh? some body take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ah me poore *Arthur*, I am here alone.
Why call'd I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath kill'd my mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.

H

Sweete

The troublesome Raigne

Sweet *Iesu* saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When she shall heare my tragycke ouerthrow.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forsake my brused truncke,
I die, I die, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And Lady mother all good hap to thee.

He dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, Essex.

Essex. My Lords of *Pembroke* and of *Salisbury*,
We must be carefull in our policy,
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we neuer finde the Princes graue.

Pemb. My Lord of *Essex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? loe Lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life shin'd like the mornings blush,
Cast out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

Salisb. O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deed!
My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.

Essex. Leaue childish teares braue Lords of England,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eyes should conduit forth a sea of teares.
If sobs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,
My heart should volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootlesse were't to breath as many sighes
As might eclipse the brightest Sommers Sunne,
Here rests the helpe, a seruice to his Ghost.
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
Giue hand and heart, and Englishmen to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of these harmes.

Pemb. The best aduise: but who comes posting here?

Enter

of King John.

Enter Hubert.

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,
The King entreats your soonest speed
To visit him who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me,
For executing of his strict command.
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
Whom pittie would not let me doe to death :
He craues your company my Lord in hast,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* straight,
Who is in health vnder my custody.

Essex. In health base villaine, were't not I leaue the
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs, (crime
Here should'st thou perish on my rapiers point.
Call'st thou this health ? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hub. My Lords, but heare me speake, and kill me then,
If here I left not this young Prince aliue,
Maugre the hasty Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place :
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

Sal. Hence traitor hence, thy counsell is herein. *Exit. Hub.*
Some in this place appointed by the King,
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And sure the murther hath beene newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.

Essex. How say you Lords shall we with speed dispatch
Vnder our hands a packet into France,
To bid the Dolpin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdome for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto,
Besides, the Pope, on perill of his curse,

The troublesome Raigne

Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *John*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reed,
To make vs all perseuer in this deed.

Pemb. My Lord of *Essex*, well haue you aduis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Salis. And *Salisbury* will not gaine say the same :
But aide that course as farre forth as he can.

Essex. Then each of vs send straight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterprife :
And let vs all y clad in Palmers weed,
The tenth of Aprill at *S. Edmunds Bury*.
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare secrecy and aid to this aduise.
Meane while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his moneths mind, and his obsequis
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed ?

Pemb. The tenth of Aprill at *S. Edmunds Burie*.
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, with two or three, and the Prophet.

Ioh. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery object these mine eyes behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies that pratling Prophet threats.
Tis come indeed : ah were it fully past,
Then were I carelesse of a thousand feares.

The

of King Iohn.

The Diall tels me, it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophesies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
Vnto the moonest circle of th'antipodes,
As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then *Iohn*, the date of fatall Propheesies,
Should with the Prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*.
Peter, vnsay thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the crowne of England heere I sweare,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Peter. King *Iohn*, although the time I haue prescrib'd
Be butt twelue houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *Iohn* shall not be King as hecetofores.

Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance so
To set a King beside his regall seat?
My heart is good, my body passing strong,
My Land in peace, my enemies subdu'd,
Onely my Barons storme at *Arthurs* death,
But *Arthur* liues, I, there the challenge growes,
Were he dispatchd vnto his longest home,
Then were the King secure of thousand foes.

Hubert what newes with thee, where are my Lords?

Hub. Hard newes my Lord, *Arthur* the louely Prince,
Seeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead and breathlesse quite.

Ioh. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more words
hang the Prophet.

Away with *Peter*, viliaine out of my sight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.

The troublesome Raigne

Now *John*, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I strived for a crowne,
I could haue well afforded to thine age,
Long life and happinesse to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

Ioh. Philip, what newes with thee?

Bast. The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word the rope his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

Ioh. There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,
While *John* triumphs in spite of Prophecies.
But whats the tydings from the Popelings now?
What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings?
Or wheres the Barons that so sodainly
Did leaue the King vpon a fal se surmise?

Bast. The Prelates storme, & thirst for sharpe reuenge:
But please your Maiesly, were that the worst
It little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which must be weeded out with carefull speed,
Or all is lost, for all is lenel'd at.

Ioh. More frights and feares: what ere thy tidings bee,
I am prepar'd, then *Philip*, quickly say,
Meane they to murther or imprison me,
To giue my Crowne away to Rome or France:
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Bast. Not worse my Lord, but euery whit as bad.
The Nobles haue elected *Lewis* King,
In right of Lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected euery houre,
The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Estates,
Incited chiefly by the Cardinall,

Pan-

of King Iohn.

Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to see their new elected King.
And for vndoubted prooffe, see heere my Liege,
Letters to me from your Nobility,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder shew of fained holinesse,
Appoint their meeting at *S. Edmunds-Bury*,
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The ouerthrow and downefall of your State.

Ioh. Why so it must be, one houre of content,
Match'd with a moneth of passionate effects,
Why shines the Sunne to fauour this consort?
Why doe the windes not breake their brazen gates,
And scatter all these periur'd complices,
With all their counsels and their damned drifts?
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring clowd doth frowne on them;
The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone, and all,
Conspire with those confederates my decay.
Then hell for me, if any power be there,
For sake that place, and guide me step by step,
To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
These traytors: oh that name is too good for them,
And death is easie: is there nothing worse,
To wreake me on this prowd peace-breaking crew?
What sayst thou *Philip*? why asisist thou not?

Bast. These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season:
Help must descend from heauen against this treason?

Ioh. Nay, thou wilt proue a traytor with the rest,
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

Bast. I would be loth to leaue you Highnesse thus,
Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.

Ioh. Ah *Philip*, whither go'st thou? come againe.

Bast. My Lord, these motions are as passions of a mad

Ioh. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed, (man.
My heart is maz'd, my senses all foredone,

And

The troublesome Raigne

And *John* of England now is quite vndone,
Was euer King as I opprest with cares?
Dame *Elinor* my noble mother Queene,
My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
Is dead, and England Excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the Pope,
All Churches-curst, their dores are sealed vp,
And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,
The seruice of the Highest is neglected,
The multitude (a beast of many heads)
Dee with confusion to their soueraigne;
The Nobles blinded with abitions fumes,
Assemble powers to beate mine Empire downe,
And more than this, elect a forreine King.
O England, wert thou euer miserable,
King *John* of England sees thee miserable:
John, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges plectuntur Achini.
Philip, as thou hast euer lou'd thy King,
So show it now: post to *S. Edmunds-Bury*,
Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuillish plots and damn'd deuises.
Though *John* be faultie, yet let subiects beare,
He will amend and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though she were vnnaturall,
Is better then the kindest step-dame is:
Let neuer Englishman trust forreine rule.
Then *Philip* shew thy fealty to the King,
And mongs the Nobles plead thou for the King.
Bast. I goe my Lord: see how he is distraught,
This is the cursed Priest of Italy
Hath heap'd these mischiefes on this haplesse Land.
Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe.
Ioh. And art thou gone? successe may follow thee:
Thus hast thou shew'd thy kindnesse to the King.

Sirra,

of King Iohn.

Sirra, in hast goe greet the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legat from the Pope.
Say that the King desires to speake with him.
Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maist resolute :
And if thou wilt continue Englands King,
Then cast about to keepe thy Diademe ;
For life and land, and all is leuel'd at.
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,
He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free
From due obedience to their Soueraigne :
He animates the Nobles in their warres,
He giues away the Crown to *Philips* sonne,
And pardons all that seeke to murther thee :
And thus blind zeale is still predominant.
Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,
But finely to dissemble with the Pope :
That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue,
To cure the hurt, else quite incurable.
Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
To abolish Pope, and Popery from thy Realme :
But in thy seate, if I may guesse at all.
A King shall raigne, that shall suppress them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou saist,
Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pan. Now *Iohn*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
That dost oppugne against thy mother Church :
Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe ?

Ioh. Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of *S. Peters* Church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe submit me to the sea of Rome,
And vow for penance of my high offence,

The troublesome Raigne

To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres.

Pand. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.

Iob Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no helpe with my submission,
Vnleath thy sword and slay the misprowd Priest
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie King:
No *Iohn*, submit againe, dissemble yet,
For Priests and Women must be flattered.
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,
No time too late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and *Iohn* doth sweare to doe
The vttermost what euer thou demandst.

Pand. *Iohn*, now I see thy hearty penitence,
I rue and pittie thy distrest estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy Crowne and Diadem, then shall the Pope
Defend thee from th'inuasion of thy foes.
And where his Holinesse hath kindled France,,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes and beate them downe,
That seek the discontentment of the King.

Iob. From bad to worse, or I must loose my Realme,
Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto Rome:
A misery more piercing then the darts
That breake from burning exhaltations power.
What, shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

Enter

of King Iohn.

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is descried on the coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Shippes, which of all men is thought to be the French fleet, vnder the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the country in a mutiny, so they send to your Grace for succour.

K. Ioh. How now Lord Cardinall, what's your best ad-
These mutinies must be allaid in time, (uise?
By policy or headstrong rage at least.

O Iohn, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be, when Kings are griued so,
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrow.

Card. K. Iohn, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy Land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

Ioh. Oh *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My Realme shall flourish, and my Crowne in peace.

*Enter the nobles, Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bew-
champe, Clare, with others.*

Pemb. Now sweet *S. Edmund*, holy Saint in heauen,
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts,
To prosecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe*, say, what friends haue you procur'd?

Bewch. The *L. Fitz-Water*, *L. Percy*, and *L. Rosse*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.

Essex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,

The troublesome Raigne

By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantaginet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord Eustance, Vescy, Lord Cressy, and *Lord Mowbery*,
Appointed meeting at *S. Edmunds* shrine.

Pemb. Vntill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweete complices in holy Christian acts,
That venture for the purchase of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex. Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In Pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with swift vnwoonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect.

Pemb. With swift vnwoonted gate, see what a thing is
That spurs them on with seruence to this shrine, (zeale,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent :
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That sweate in body by the minds disease :
Hap and hearts-ease braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard Philip, &c.

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a Christian cause.

Essex. Cheerely repli'd braue branch of Kingly stocke,
A right *Plentaginet* should reason so.

But silence Lords, attend your commings cause :

The seruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,

On strong instinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,

To ease our neckes of seruitudes contempt.

Should I not name the foeman of our rest,

Which of you all so barren in conceite,

As cannot leuell at the man I meane ?

But lest Enigm's shadow shining truth,

Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.

The effect of this resort importeth this,

To roote and cleane extirpate tyrant *Iohn*,

Tyrant I say, appealing to the man,

of King John.

If any here that loues him, and I aske,
What kindshipp, lenitie, or christian raigne,
Rules in the man to barre this foule impeach?
First I inferre the *Chesters* banishment:
For reprehending in most vnchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the diuell should be sau'd,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leysure might display.
Our priuate wrongs no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might with to him as to a mortall foe.
But shall I close the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men:
His cousins death, that sweet vnguilt childe,
Vntimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Heere are my proofes as cleere as grauell brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To shew the which is yet to be describ'd.
My Lord of *Pembrooke*, shew what is behinde,
Onely I say, that were there nothing else
To moue vs, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured, if wee faile,
It were enough to instigate vs all,
With earnestnesse of spirit, to seeke a meane
To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my Lord of *Essex* told his tale,
Which I auerre for most substantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our English crowne.
Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolike,
Hath offred dispensation for the fault.

The troublesome Raigne

If any be, as trust me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the Vsurpers roome :
That is the cause of all our presence here,
This on the holy Altar we protest,
To aide the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for England:
What say you Lords ?

Sal. As *Pembroke* saith, affirmeth *Salisbury* :
Faire *Lewis* of France that spoused Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled strength
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inuest him as we may deuise,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants stead:
And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bast. My Lord of *Salisbury*, I cannot couch
My speeches with the needfull words of art,
As doth beseeme in such a waighty worke,
But what my conscience and my duty will,
I purpose to impart.
For *Chesters* exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any priuate causes that you haue,
Me thinkes they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, *K. John* was innocent,
He desperate was the deathsmen to himselfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Vniustly doe impute to his default,
But where fel Traitorisme hath residence,
There wants no words to set despight on worke.
I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wrest such petty wrongs in tearmes of right,

Against

of King John.

Against a King annointed by the Lord.
Why *Salisbury* admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where sitteth hee to whom reuenge belongs.
And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride,
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings,
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
But such as giue to man, and take from God?
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
Theres not a man that dyes in your beleefe,
But sels his soule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *John*, please hell,
Make hauock of the welfare of your soules,
For heere I leaue you in the fight of heauen,
A troope of traytors food for hellish fiends;
If you desist, then follow me as friends,
If not then doe your worst as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alas tis too too lame,
A senslesse claime, if truth bee titles friend.
In briebe if this be cause of our resort,
Our pilgrimage is to the Diuels shrine.
I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counsell in so bad a cause:
Please you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my King, & you where traitors please. *Exit.*
Percie. A hot young man, and so my Lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better lost than found.
Pemb. What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,
Will you all with me sweare vpon the Alter,
That you'l to death, bee aid to *Lewis* and enemy to *John*?
Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts ac-
Well then, euery man to armes to meet the King, (cord.
Who is already before London.

Enter Messenger.

Pemb. What newes Herauld?

the

The troublesome Raigne

The right Christian Prince my master, *Lewis* of France,
is at hand, comming to visit your Honours, directed hither
by the right honourable *Richard* Earle of Bigot, to con-
ferre with your honours.

Pemb. How neere is his Highnesse?

Mef. Ready to enter your presence.

Enter Lewis, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lew. Faire Lords of England, *Lewis* salutes you all
As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale,
At whose request from plenty-flowing France,
Crossing the Ocean with a Southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commands,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your fauours proffered him.
But worlds braue men omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With small repulse, and little crosse of chance.
Your City Rochester with great applause,
By some diuine instinct laid armes aside:
And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Vive la Roy*,
From thence along the wanton rowling glade
To Troynouant, your faire *Metropolis*,
With lucke came *Lewis* to shew his troopes of France,
Wauing our Ensignes with the dallying winds,
The fearefull object of fell frowning warre,
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Tempred their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their highbuilt wal,
Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish,

Thus

of King John.

Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnesse,
Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I liue but to requite you all,
Worlds with were mine in dying noted yours.

Salif. Welcome the balme that closeth vp our wounds,
The soueraigne medicine for our quick recure,
The anchor of our hope, the only prop,
Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as sheepe without their heard,
(Except a shepheard wincking at the wolfe)
We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lew. Thanks to you all of this religious League,
A holy knot of Catholicke consent.
I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,
In generall I promise faithfull loue:
Lord *Bigot* brought me to *S. Edmunds* shrine,
Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,
That this assembly came deuoted heere,
To sweare according as your packets shew'd,
Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
I need not doubt the suretie of your wills,
Since well I know for many of your sakes,
The Townes haue yeelded on their owne accords:
Yet for a fashion, not for misbeliefe,
My eyes must witnesse, and these eares must heare
Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,
And after march to end our commings cause.

Salif. That we intend no other then good truth,
All that are present of the holy league,
For confirmation of our better trust,
In presence of his Highnesse, sweare with me,
The sequel that my selfe shall vtter heere.

The troublesome Raigne

I *Thomas Plantaginet*, Earle of Salisbury, sweare vpon the Altar, and by the holy army of Saints, homage and allegiance to the right Christian Prince *Lewis* of France, as true and rightfull King to England, Cornewall, and Wales, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altar sweare all forwardnesse. *All the Eng. Lo. sweare.*

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we all,

Lewis. I rest assured on your holy oath,
And on this Altar in like sort I sweare
Loue to you all and Princely recompence
To gnerdon your good wills vnto the full.
And since I am at this religious shrine,
My good welwillers giue vs leaue awhile,
To vse some Orizons our selues apart,
To all the holy company of Heauen,
That they will smile vpon our purposes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Salis. We leane your Highnesse to your good intent.

Exeunt Lords of England.

Lew. Now Vicount *Meloun*, what remaines behind?
Trust me these Traytors to their Soueraigne State,
Are not to be beleeu'd in any sort.

Meloun. Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oths,
And play the Rebels gainst their natie King,
Will for as little cause reuolt from you,
If euer opportunity incite them so:
For once forsworne, and neuer after sound,
There's no affiance after periury.

Lew. Well *Meloun*, well, lets smooth with them a while,
Vntill we haue as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while wee'll vse them as a pretious poyson,
To vndertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lo. Tis policy (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much weight:

But

of King Iohn.

But when your Highnesse needeth them no more.
Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede
They proue to you as to their naturall King.

Melum. Trust mee my Lord, right well haue you ad-
Venome for vse, but neuer for a sport # (uisde;
Is to be dallied with, lest it infect.
Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall :
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

Lewis, That so I meane, I sweare before you all
On this same Alter, and by heauens power,
There's not an English traitor of them all,
Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire Englands King,
Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts desert :
Nor shall their heires enioy their Seigniories,
But perish by their parents soule amisse.
This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands and sweare the same with me.

The French Lords sweare.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire;
A smile of *France* will feed an English foole.
Beare them in hand as friends for so they be:
But in the heart like traytors as they are.

Enter the English Lords.

Now famous followers, chieftanes of the world,
Haue we solicited with hearty prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rouse the tyrant from his chiefeft hold :
And when our labours haue a prosprous end,
Each man shall reape the fruit of his desert.
And so resolu'd, braue followers let vs hence.

The troublesome Raigne

*Enter K. Iohn, Bastard, Pandulph, and many
Priests with them.*

Thus *Iohn*, thou art absolvd from all thy finnes,
And freed by order of our Fathers curse.
Receive thy Crowne againe with this prouiso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy Rome.

Ioh. I hold the same as tenant to the Pope,
And thanke your holinesse for your kindnesse shewne.

Philip. A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to Friers,
Need hath no law, when Friers must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of France,
With all the Nobles of you Graces Land
Are marching hitherward in good array.
Where ere they set their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But Douer Castle which is hard besiegd.

Pan. Feare not King *Iohn*. thy kingdome is the Popes,
And they shall know his Holinesse hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doe.

*Drums and Trumpets. Enter Lewis, Melun, Salisbury,
Essex, Pembroke, and all the Nobles from
France and England.*

Lewis. *Pandulph*, as gaue his Holinesse in charge,
So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerse with *Iohn* that is accurst.

Pand.

of King Iohn.

Par. *Lewis* of France, victorious Conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardnesse to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be re munerated to the full :
But know my Lord, *K. Iohn* is now absolu'd,
The Pope is pleas'd the Land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
It lesteeth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to France againe,
For all is done the Pope would wish thee doe.

Lewis. But als not done that *Lewis* came to doe.
Why *Pandulph*, hath King *Philip* sent his sonne
And beene at such excessiue charge in warres,
To be dismist with words? King *Iohn* shall know,
England is mine, and he vsurps my right

Pand. *Lewis* I charge and thy, complices
Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,
That thou withdraw thy powers to France againe,
And yeeld vp London and the neighbour townes
That thou hast taue in England by thy sword.

Melun. Lord Cardinall, by *Lewis* princely leaue,
It can be nought but vsurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of *Rome*,
Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,
Now with a word to make them cary armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This must not be: Prince *Lewis* keepe thine owne,
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellies full.

Bast. My Lord of *Melun*, what title had the Prince
To England and the Crowne of Albion,
But such a title as the Pope confirm'd:
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewis is but the agent for the Pope,
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast:
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land

The troublesome Raigne

Will leaue the French, and cleaue vnto our King.
For shame yee Peeres of *England* suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your Land to fall:
But with resolu'd thoughts beate backe the French,
And free the land from yoke of seruitude.

Salis. Philip not so, Lord *Lewis* is our King.
And we will follow him vnto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres,
As traytors to the King and to the Pope.

Lew. *Pandulph*, our swords shal bleſſe our selues agen:
Prepare thee *John*, Lords follow me your King. *Exeunt.*

John. Accursed *John* the Diuell owes thee shame,
Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, all's one.
The Diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and France:
Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.

Pand. Comfort thy selfe King *John*, the Cardinall goes
Vpon his curse to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*

Bast. Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall,
Betake your selfe to armes, my troupes are prest
To answer *Lewis* with a lusty shooke:
The English Archers haue their quivers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push:
Good cheere my Lord, King *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warlike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

John. Philip I know not how to answer thee:
But let vs hence, to answer *Lewis* pride.

Excursions. Enter Meloun with English Lords.

Mel. O I am flaine, Nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say
Concernes the Peeres of *England*, and their State.

Listen

of King John.

Listen, braue Lords, a fearfull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres the dole of bloody *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* prison-house;
Lifes charter (Lodings) lasteth not an houre:
And fearfull thoughts forerunners of my end,
Bids me giue Phisicke to a sickly soule,
O Peeres of England, know you what you doe?
There's but a hayre that sunders you from harme,
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And simply you run doting to your deaths.
But lest I dye and leaue my tale vntolde,
With silence slaughtering so braue a crew.
This I auerre, if *Lewis* win the day,
There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand
Against King *John* to plant the heire of France,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd; my selfe amongst the rest
Swore on the Altar ayde to this Edict.
Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my Grandfire was an Englishman.
Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,
No frenzie nor no brainsicke idle fit,
But well aduis'd, and wotting what I say,
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
That nothing is discouered but a truth.
Tis time to flye, submit your selues to *John*;
The smiles of France shade in the frownes of death.
Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,
Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks.
Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
Your seate, your nurse, your birthdaies breathing place,
That

The troublesome Raigne

That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.

Ah: be not so ingrate to digge your mothers graue,

Preserue your lambes and beat away the wolfe.

My soule hath said contritions penitence

Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne. (heauen,

Farewell my Lords; witnesse my faith when we are met in

And for my kindnesse giue me graue-roume heere.

My soule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.

Sal. Now ioy betide thy soule well-meaning man,

How now my Lords, what cooling card is this?

A greater griefe growes now then earst hath beene.

What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye?

Or shall we home and kneele vnto the King.

Pemb. My heart misgaue this sad accursed newes:

What haue we done? fie Lords what frenzie moon'd

Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of France?

If we perseuer we are sure to dye:

If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salisb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,

That made vs wretched with his dying tale

And stand not wailing on our present harmes,

As women wont: but seeke our harmes redresse.

As for my selfe, I will in hast be gone:

And kneele for pardon to our Soueraigne *John.*

Pemb. I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,

Than to the French that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*

Enter King John carried betweene two Lords.

John. Set downe, set downe the load: not worth your

For done I am with deadly wounding griefe: (paine,

Sickly and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,

The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it:

It loathes I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.

Who pities me? to whom haue I beene kinde?

But to a few; a few will pitie me.

Why die I not? Death scornes so vilde a prey.

Why

of King John.

Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and nere the neere,
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

Phil. How fares my Lord, that hee is carried thus?
Not all the aukward fortunes yet befallne,
Made such impressiō of lament in me.
Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart
With any obiekt mouing more remorse,
Than now, beholding of a mighty King,
Borne by his Lords in such distressed Sate.

Ioh. What newes with thee, if bad, report it straight;
If good be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Phil. Such as it is and heauy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke Elegies,
Once will I breath to aggrauate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The brauest bow-man had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quauer at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,
That *John* was fled, the King had left the field,
At last the rumor scal'd these eares of mine,
Who rather chose, as sacrifice for *Mars*,
That ignominious scandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the Prince of Troy
His weary followers gainst the Mirmidons,
Crying aloud, *S. George*, the day is ours.
But feare hath captinated courage quite,
And like the Lambe before the greedy Wolfe,
So heartlesse fled our war-men from the field.
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
With sable curtaines of the blackest hue,
And sent'd vs from the fury of the French,

The troublesome Raigne

As *Io* from the iealous *Iuno*es eye,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head.
Passing the washes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And swallowed vp the most of all our men,
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pa'cd,
Outstripd the fouds that followed waue by waue,
I so escap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

K Iohn. Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe.
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any so infortunate,
The right Idea of a cursed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
How farre to *Swinstead*, tell me, doe you know?
Present vnto the Abbots word of my repaire.
My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnlesse this feuer leaue me.

Phil. Good cheere my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monks.

Abb. All health & happines to our Soueraigne Lord the

Iohn Nor helpe nor happinesse hath *Iohn* at all. (*King.*
Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

Abb. Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
Your Maiesty shall be assured of.

Philip. The King thou seest is weake and very faint,
What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

Abb. Good store my Lord, of that you need not feare,
For Lincolnshire, and these our Abbey grounds
Were neuer satter nor in better plight.

Iohn. *Phillip* thou neuer needst to doubt of eates,
Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the Abbeis throughout all the Land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,

of King John.

The Friers fasten on it strait:

But let vs into taste of their repast,

It goes against my heart to feed with them,

Or be beholding to such Abbey groomes. *Exeunt.*

Manet the Monke.

Monke. Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Friar?

Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?

Is this the man that robd the holy Church,

And yet will flie vnto a Friory?

Is this the King that aymes at Abbeis Lands?

Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,

And yet will flie vnto a Friory?

Accurst be *Swinstead* Abbey, Abbot, Friers,

Monkes, Nunnes, and Clarkes, and all that dwell therein,

If wicked *Iohn* escape aliuē away.

Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,

And be canoniz'd for a holy Saint:

To please the world with a deseruing worke,

Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,

And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to cheere the King?

He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke. What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abbot. What, at thy *Mumpsimus*? away,

And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.

Monke. Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,

And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot. Alas what meanes this Monke to murder me?

Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place,

Monke. Ile poyson him and it shall ne're be knowne,

And then shall I be chiefeſt of my house.

Abb. If I were dead indeed he is the next,

But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,

And in his madnesse he will murder me.

The troublesome Raigne

Monke, My L I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.
Abbot, Alas good *Thomas* do not murther me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

Mon. I murder you! God shield from such a thought.

Ab. If thou wilt needes, yet let me say my prayers.

Mon. I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord: but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all.

Ab. Wilt thou not hurt me holy *Monke*? say on.

Mon You know my Lord, the King is in our house.

Ab. True.

Mon. You know likewise the King abhorres a Frier.

Ab. True.

Mon. And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.

Ab. Thou saist true.

Mon. Then the King is our enemy.

Ab. True.

Mon. Why then should we not kill our enemy, and the King being our enemy, why then should we not kill the K.

Ab. O blessed *Monke*! I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants flauery.

But who dare venter for to doe the deed?

Mon. Who dare? why I my Lord dare doe the deed,
Ile free my Countrey and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King.

Ab. *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolu'd,
I will absolue thee here from all thy finnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.

Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our Friars shall sing a Masse for *Thomas* soule.

Mon God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke.

Exeunt

Enter Lewis and his Armie.

Lewis, Thus victory in bloody Lawrell clad,
Follows the fortune of young *Loxomike*,
The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,

Fall

of King Iohn.

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes,
Onely two crosses of contrary change
Doe nip my heart, and vex me with vnrest.
Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my soule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce.
The other griefe, I, that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Douer* Castle should hold out
Gainst all assaults and rest impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus* *Hectors* sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conquest of the other part
We haue the face of all the English Lords,
What then remains but ouerrunne the land?
Be resolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune serue as she begins,
The poorest pesant of the realme of France
Shall be a master ore an English Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Lewis, Fellow, what newes?

Mess. Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of *Salisbury*, *Pembroke*, *Essex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sudden fled with all their powers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee backe againe.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. *Lewis* my Lord, why standst thou in a maze?
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from Fraunce,
For all thy forces being fiftie saile,
Containing twenty thousand souldiers;
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callice* in vn lucky time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another messenger.

Lewis, More newes? say on.

Mess. *Iohn* (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes;

The troublesome Raigne

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As *Pharaoh* earst within the bloody sea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* washes all were ouerwhelmed,
The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lew. Was euer heard such vnexpected newes?

Mess. Yet *Lodowike* reuine thy dying heart,
King *Iohn* and all his forces are consum'd.
The lesse thou needs the aide of English earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Nauies wracke;
And follow times aduantage with successe.

Lewis, Braue Frenchmen arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewie*, who will lead you on
To chase the Barons power that wants a head,
For *Iohn* is drown'd, and I am Englands King.
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of France will send vs fresh supplies.

Exeunt.

Enter two Friers laying a cloth.

Fr. Dispatch dispatch, the King desires to eate,
Would a might eat his last for the loue he beares to church
men.

Fr. I am of thy minde too, and so it should be and we
might be our owne caruers.

*I*maruell why they dine here in the Orchard.

Fr. I know not, nor I care not. The King comes.

Ioh. Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

Ab. Pleaseth your Grace sit downe.

Ioh. Take your places sirs, no pompe in penury, all beg-
gers and friends may come, where Necessitie keeps the
house, curtesie is barr'd the table, sit downe *Philip*.

Bast. My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to the pro-
uerb, honors change maners: a King is a King, though For-
tune do her worst, & we as dutifull in despite of her frown;
as if your Highnes were now in the highest tpe of dignity.

Ioh. Come, no more adoe, and you tell me much of dig-
nity, you'l marre my appetite in a surfet of sorrow.

What

of King Iohn.

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frown like an host that knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Ab. No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is, for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your Maiestie.

Bast. I thinke rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being here, when I went in progresse for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

Ab. Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his Maiesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Mon. Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to *Swinstead*.

Iohn. Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King. (owne heart.

Mon. As much health to your Highnesse as to mine.

Ioh. I pledge thee kind Monke. (England.

Mon. The merriest draught, that euer was drunke in Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

Ioh. Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Mon. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any prooffe: why so it workes.

Ioh. Stay *Philip*, where's the Monke?

Bast. He is dead my Lord.

Ioh. Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Bast. What cheere my Liege? your colour gins to change.

Ioh. So doth my life: O *Philip*, I am poison'd.

The Monke, the Diuell; the poyson gins to rage,
It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

Bast. This Abbot hath an interest in this act.

At all aduentures take thou that from me.

There lie the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuell;
March with the Monke vnto the gates of Hell.

How fares my Lord?

Ioh. *Philip*, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,
To tumble on and coole, this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seuen-fold hote.

Stabys Abbot.

The troublesome Raigne

To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Only the heart impugnes with faint resist
The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,
Helpe God, O paine: dye *Iohn*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes.
Phillip, a chayre, and by and by a graue,
My legges disdain the carriage of a King.

Ah!

Bast. A good my Liege with Patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with Kingly fortitude.

Iohn. Me thinkes I see a Catalogue of sinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The least enough to lose my part in heauen.
Me thinkes the Diuell whispers in mine eares,
And tells me, 'tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I must be damn'd for *Arthurs* sodaine death;
I see I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God,
That will forgieue the number of my sinnes.
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse?
What haue I low'd, but wrack of others weale?
When haue I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deed deseruing well?
How, what, when, where, haue I bestow'd a day
That tended not to some notorious ill?
My life replete with rage and tyrannie,
Craves little pittie for so strange a death.
Or, who will say, that *Iohn* decaid too soone?
Who will not say, he rather liu'd too long.
Dishonour did attaint me in my life,
And shame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And dide not by the temper of their swords?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, disdain'd of my friends.

dy'd

#

Bastard

of King Iohn.

Bast. Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.

Iohn. My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *Iohn* did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,
Nor he nor his haue prospered on the earth:
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I cry vnto my God,
As did the Kingly Prophet *Dauid* cry,
(Whose hands as mine with murder were attaint)
I am not hee shall build the Lord a house,
Or roote these locusts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceine me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a Kingly branch,
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,
And with his feet treade downe the Strumpets pride,
That sits vpon the chayre of *Babylon*.

Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake natures power,
And in the faith of Iesu *Iohn* doth dye,

Bast. See how he strines for life, vnhappy Lord,
Whose bowels are diuided in themselves.
This is the fruit of Poperye, when true Kings
Are flaine and shouldred out by Monkes and Friers.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess Please it your Grace the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes against the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his Highnesse sonne,
Doe craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.

Bast. Your sonne, my Lord, young *Henry* craues to see
Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace:
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile: lift vp your selfe my Lord,
And see the Prince to comfort you in death.

M

Enter

The troublesome Raigne

*Enter Pandulph, young Henry, the Barons with
daggers in their hands.*

Prince. O let me see my father ere he dye:
O vncke, were you here, and suffred him
To be thus poysoned by a damned Monke?
Ah he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake

Bast. His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

Pandulph. Lords giue me leaue to ioy the dying King,
With sight of these his Noles kneeling heere
With daggers in their hands who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their foule offence.
Then good my Lord if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

Salisb. Wee humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And vow to fight for England and her King:
And in the sight of *Iohn* our Soueraigne Lord,
In spite of *Lewis* and the power of France,
Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne young *Henry* in his fathers stead.

Henry. Helpe, Helpe, he dies; Ah father, looke on mee.

Legat. K. *Iohn* farewell, in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diedst the seruant of the Lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnesse heere.
Thou diedst the seruant of our Souiour Christ.
Now ioy betide thy soule, what noyse is this?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Help Lords, the Do'phin maketh hitherward,
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their leaders well commaund.

Bast. Lets arme our selues in young K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of France to Sea againe.

Legate.

of King John.

Legate, Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Bast. Lord *Salisbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an end.

King, Sweet Vncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinstead* Abbey stand,
But pull the house about the Friers eares :
For they haue kill'd my Father and my King.

Exeunt.

A parley sounded, Lewis, Pandulph Salisbury, &c.

Pand. *Lewis* of France, yong *Henry* Englands King
Requires to know the reason of the claime
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King John that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathlesse trunke in presence lies,
And he as heire apparent to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his fathers roome.

Henry, *Lewis*, what law of armes doth lead thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right ?
Answer ; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword:
I tell thee Dolphin, *Henry* feares thee not.
For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King,
And what thou hast in England they did get.

Lewis, *Henry* of England, now that *John* is dead,
That was the chiefe enemy to France,
Imay the rather be induc'd to peace.
But *Salisbury*, and you Barons of the Realme,
This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* Altar lately swore.

Salis. Nor did the oath your Highnesse there did take
Agree with honour of the Prince of France.

Bast. My Lord, what answer make you to the King.

Dolph. Faith *Philip* this I say : It bootes not him,

The troublesome Raigne

Nor any Prince, nor power of Christendome
To seeke to win this Iland *Albion*,
Vnlesse he haue a party in the Realme
By treason for to helpe him in his warres.
The Peeres which were the party on my side,
Are fled from me : then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the Realme.

Hen. On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

Lew. That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

Bast. Then Kings and Princes, let these broiles haue end,
And at more leisure talke vpon the league.
Meane while to *Worster* let vs beare the King,
And there interre his body, as beseemes.
But first, in sight of *Lewis* heire of France,
Lords take the Crowne, and set it on his head,
That by succession is our lawfull King.

They crowne young Henry.

Thus Englands peace begins in *Henries* Raigne,
And bloody warres are clos'd with happy league.
Let England liue but true within it selfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her state.
Lewis, thou shalt be brauely shipt to France,
For neuer Frenchman got of English ground
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin thy hand; to *Worster* we will march :
Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
With obsequies of honour to his graue :
If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spaine can doe them wrong.

FINIS.

